NUMB. CXIV.

The GUARDIAN.

Alveos accipite, ceris opus infundite,
Fuci recuſant, apibus conditio placet. Phædr.

Wedneſday, July 22. 1713.

I Think my ſelf obliged to acquaint the Publick, that the Lion's Head, of which I adverti ſed them about a Fortnight ago, is now erected at *Button*'s Coffee houſe in *Ruſſel ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*, where it opens its Mouth at all Hours for the Reception of ſuch Intelligence as ſhall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent Piece of Workmanſhip, and was deſigned by a great Hand in Imitation of the Antique *Ægyptian* Lion, the Face of it being Compounded out of that of a Lion and a Wizzard. The Features are ſtrong and well furrow'd. The Whiskers are admired by all that have ſeen them. It is planted on the Weſtern Side of the Coffee houſe, holding its Paws under the Chin upon a Box, which contains every thing that he ſwallows. He is indeed a proper Emblem of *Knowledge* and *Action*, being all Head and Paws.

I need not acquaint my Readers, that my Lion, like a Moth or Book Worm, feeds upon nothing but Paper, and ſhall only beg of them to Diet him with wholſom and ſubſtantial Food. I muſt therefore deſire that they will not gorge him either with Nonſenſe or Obſcenity; and muſt likewiſe inſiſt, that his Mouth be not defiled with Scandal, for I would not make uſe of him to revile the Human Species, and Satyriſe thoſe who are his Betters. I ſhall not ſuffer him to worry any Man's Reputation, nor indeed fall on any Perſon whatſoever, ſuch only excepted as diſgrace the Name of this generous Animal, and under the Title of Lions contrive the Ruin of their Fellow-Subjects. I muſt deſire likewiſe, that Intrieguers will not make a Pimp of my Lion, and by his means convey their Thoughts to one another. Thoſe who are read in the Hiſtory of the Popes obſerve, that the *Leo's* have been the beſt, and the *Innocents* the worſt of that Species, and I hope that I ſhall not be thought to derogate from my Lion's Character, by repreſenting him as ſuch a peaceable good-natured well-deſigning Beaſt.

I intend to publiſh once every Week *the roarings of the Lion*, and hope to make him roar ſo loud as to be heard over all the *Britiſh* Nation.

If my Correſpondents will do their Parts in prompting him, and ſupplying him with ſuitable Proviſion, I queſtion not but the Lion's Head will be reckoned the beſt Head in *England*.

There is a Notion generally received in the World, that a Lion is a dangerous Creature to all Women who are not Virgins, which may have given occaſion to a fooliſh Report, that my Lion's Jaws are ſo contrived, as to ſnap the Hands of any of the Female Sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with Safety. I ſhall not ſpend much time in expoſing the falſity of this Report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with Women of Senſe, I ſhall only ſay, that there is not one of the Sex in all the Neighbourhood of *Covent Garden*, who may not put her Hand in the Mouth with the ſame Security as if ſhe were a Veſtal. However that the Ladies may not be deterred from correſponding with me by this Method, I muſt acquaint them, that the Coffee-Man has a little Daughter of about four Years old who has been virtuouſly educated, and will lend her

(Price Two Pence.)